

all the others in its growth. It was established in 1886, and now has a population of between twelve and fifteen thousand. Its phenomenal development is directly due to the C.P.R., which terminates there. An enormous amount of capital has been invested in business blocks in anticipation of a large shipping trade between oriental countries, Australasia and South America, and the result is wonderful to contemplate. Fancy a modern city standing to-day on a spot where six years ago was an almost impenetrable forest of giant pines. This marvel of city building is unequalled in America's history. Vancouver is no temporary place; it has been built up solidly and permanently and its buildings are of a character that might be pointed to with pride in any city on this continent. It has fifty miles of graded and planked roads and a similar mileage of sidewalks. The taxable valuation of the property is over \$10,000,000. The city has waterworks, gasworks, and electric railway, a shipbuilding yard, sugar and furniture factories, fruit canning factories, saw mills and other industries, which, together with the extensive shipping business, give employment to a large proportion of the population.

In the matter of residences, Vancouver is far ahead of any of its sister cities with respect to architectural designs, but the citizens have not yet begun to pay much attention to their grounds, consequently the homes are not so pretty as those in the other places but will doubtless be so in due time. The population is largely composed of eastern Canadians who seem to have adapted themselves to the spirit of the age in matters of industry and progress. The city has rather a pleasant situation on a gently rising peninsula, having the waters of Coal Harbor on one side and the waters of English Bay on the other. The thickly wooded plateau on the west and the high mountains of the coast on the east make the prospect from the city is striking. The city is sheltered by the islands in the Gulf of Georgia and the high lands about it from cold winds, though it always enjoys a balmy sea breeze. The situation of the city is excellent for drainage purposes and is considered a very healthy place.

So much has been written about this young and thriving city that it is unnecessary to speak further of it at present, excepting to state that with its remarkable material growth all those institutions, religious, educational, fraternal and social, which are considered essential to present day of civilization, have been kept well abreast of the development in other directions, and let us hope that the fondest expectations of her people as to the future destiny of the city will be fully realized.

In the Hyperborean Regions.

A TRIP WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

(By Frederick Schwatka.)

IT was in the Arctic regions, not far from Burk's Great Fish river, when conducting a homeward sledge journey to Hudson's Bay, in the depth of an Arctic winter, that the intense cold set in just before Christmas, the thermometer sinking down to 65 and 68 degrees below zero, and never getting above 60 below. We were having a very hard time with our sleighing along the river, our camps at night almost in sight of those we had left in the morning, so close were they together and so slowly did we labor along. Reindeer on which we were relying for our daily supply of food were not found near the river, but some being seen some ten or fifteen miles back from it, I determined to leave the river and strike straight across country for Hudson's Bay. We had gone but three or four days, and as we ascended the higher levels the thermometer commenced lowering, and on the 3rd of January reached 71 degrees below zero, the coldest we experienced in our sledge journey of nearly a year in length, and the coldest, I believe, ever encountered by white men traveling out of doors; for that day we moved our camp fully twelve miles. The day was not at all unpleasant, either, I must say, until along toward night, when a slight breeze sprang up. It was the merest kind of a zephyr, and would hardly have stirred the leaves on a tree at home, but slight as it was it cut to the bone every part of the body exposed to it. This, fortunately, was

Great
Cold

only the face from the eyebrows to chin. We turned our backs to it as much as possible, and especially after we had reached camp and were at work making our snow-houses and digging the thick ice for water. After all, it is not so much the intensity of the cold as expressed in degrees on the thermometer that determines the unpleasantness of an Arctic winter as is the force and direction of the wind, for I have found it far pleasanter with the thermometer at even 70 degrees below zero, with little or no wind blowing, than to face a rather stiff breeze when the little indicator showed even 50 degrees warmer temperature. Even a white man acclimated to Arctic weather, and facing a strong wind at 20 or 30 degrees below zero, is almost sure to freeze the nose and cheeks, and the thermometer does not have to go many degrees lower to induce the Eskimo themselves to keep within their snug snow-house under the same circumstances, unless absolute need of food forces them outside. It is one of the consoling things about Arctic weather that the intensely low temperatures are almost always accompanied by calms, or if there is a breeze it is a very light one. With the exception of a very few quiet days during the warmest summer weather of the polar summer, these clear, quiet cold ones of the Arctic winter are about the only times when the wind is not blowing with great vigor from some point of the compass. Of course there were a few exceptions to this general rule of quiet weather with extreme cold, and when they had to be endured they were simply terrible. Early one morning the thermometer showed us it was 68 degrees below zero, but, as it was calm, we paid no attention to it, but harnessed our dogs and loaded our sledges for the day's journey, which was to be an exceedingly short one in a place where the Eskimo thought they could get food for ourselves and dogs. We were just ready for the start when a sharp wind sprang up, and it felt like a score of razors cutting the face. Had the wind arisen a little sooner we would not have thought of starting, but as we were all ready and the distance short we concluded to go ahead rather than unload and go back into the old camp. We kept the dogs at a good round trot and ran

alongside of the sledges the whole distance, and I can assure my readers that when we reached the snow-house of some Rimrepetro Eskimo it was as welcome a refuge as if it had been a first-class hotel. I was frozen along my left arm from my shoulder to my wrist, and it was quite painful for a number of days, and almost all the others, Eskimo as well as white men, were frozen more or less severely. When we reached the end of our journey I again looked at the thermometer, and found it indicated 55 degrees below zero — that is, it had grown 13 degrees warmer during the time we were out, although it seemed to us it must be at least thirty degrees colder. I told the Eskimo who had been with us that it was much colder, as shown by the instrument, before we started than it was when the wind was at its highest, but from their incredulous glances at each other they wondered how we could be duped by such ideas directly against our common sense and personal observation. They might believe our statements that the world was round and turned over every day, without the polar bears sliding off the slippery icebergs when it was upside down, simply because the white man had told them so, but nothing would persuade them that when they felt perfectly comfortable and warm loading the sledge it was colder than when their arms and legs were frozen and their noses "nipped" by the frost. I tried to explain to them the effect of the wind, but they said they had known the wind to blow them off their feet in summer and not freeze them a particle. They said they knew it seemed colder when the wind blew, but that was because it actually was colder, and here they stood firm in the belief we were wrong. When the thermometer was at 71 deg. below, the cloudless sky in the vicinity of the sun hanging low in the southern horizon assumed a dull leaden hue, tinged with a brownish red, looking something like the skies of cheap chromo lithographs. At night the stars glitter like diamonds, and fairly seem on fire with their unusual brilliancy. Should you pour water on the surface of the ice it greets you with an astonishing crackling noise, and the ice was so clear you felt timid about

putting your foot on it, and turns instantly as white as marble. Many Eskimo children amuse themselves trying this simple experiment, and the white spots on the clear ice give it a moss-mottled look. The iced runners dragging over the fine, gritty snows give forth a clear, musical ring that can be heard many miles in the still cold of the Arctic. Sometimes when breathing this extremely cold air my tongue would feel as if it were freezing in my mouth, but I could readily cure this by breathing through my nose for a few minutes. You will naturally ask, "Why not breathe through the nostrils all the time?" as you have so often heard advocated. The air, however, is so bitter cold that it becomes absolutely necessary to breathe through the mouth. Also the nose is more liable to freeze when breathing through it. These freezings of the nose and cheeks are very common affairs in very low temperatures, especially when the wind blows. The Eskimo cures these frost-bites by simply taking the warm hand from the reindeer mitten and rubbing the affected spot. They know nothing of rubbing frost-bites with snow, and that article could not be used in arctic temperature, where the snow, if it is loose, is like sand, or if in mass, like granite rock. Another thing the Eskimo always used was snow to quench their thirst, which most arctic writers have condemned as hurtful. My Eskimos used it at all temperatures, and I have never seen any bad results from its use.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

PROSEYBOY—"Why didn't you take a wedding trip, Bloodgood?"

BLOODGOOD—"Well, you see my wife and I came to the conclusion it wouldn't be much of a novelty for us. We met first on a steamer on the Atlantic ocean; I proposed in Sweden; was accepted in Russia; obtained her father's permission in England; the marriage settlement was drawn up in this country, and we were married in Algiers."

February.

The world lies hushed in white,
Field and hollow and hill;
The forest grim hath a purple rim
And the river's heart is still.
Then hie for that dim hour fleet,
Born of the day and the dark,
When the earth-flame red doth leap to meet,
Its far-off phantom spark.

And ho! for who comes nigh,
With his yellow hair ablowl
Is warmth and cheer for the traveller here,
Or wilt thou bid him go?
Nay, for he rideth to win,
With the young year bonny and bold;
Then open thy door, and let love in,
Good neighbor, from out the cold.
—VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD,
in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

The Cottage on the Moor.

Oh, give me back my native land,
Her "banks and braes" once more,
Her rushing gales,
And sleeping vales,
And the "Cottage on the Moor."

There's many a "boasted land" more fair,
And many a sky is bluer,
But the jolly lad
That wears the plaid,
And the "bonnie lass" are truer.

My native hills! your rugged steepes
Are dear in song and story;
The hardy brave,
The rocky cave,
And the tale of blood and glory!

Scotland! I love your heather bells,
Your sea-girth wave-washed shore,
And more I love,
Where'er I rove,
"The cottage on the moor."

'Twas there "my blue-eyed Mary" dwelt,
And there I learned to love her;
But Mary sleeps,
And Allan weeps,
While shadows round him hover.

Oh, give me back my own dear land!
Her "banks and braes" once more,
The trees that wave
O'er Mary's grave,
And "the cottage on the moor."

Thus sang a lonely, wandering Scot
At eve beside my door;
Though years agoas,
I love that song—
"The cottage on the moor."

—Mrs. L. A. K. in *Godley's Lady's Book*.